YOU ARE LOOKING AT BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST COMIC!

7d

SMASH!

No.5
5th. MAR. 1966
EVERY THURSDAY

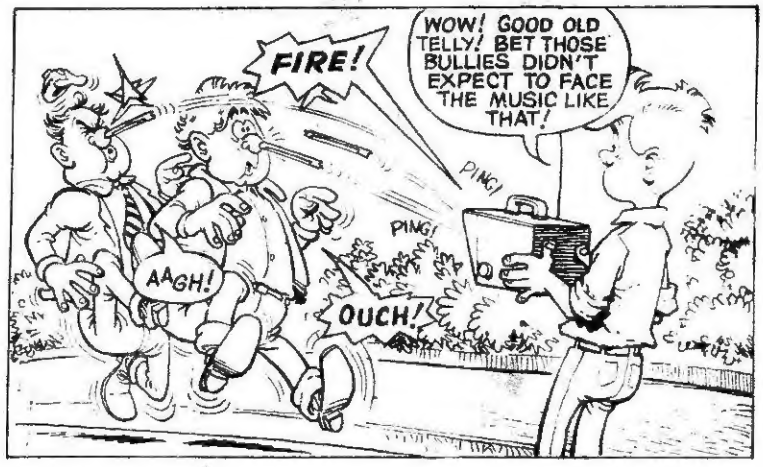
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

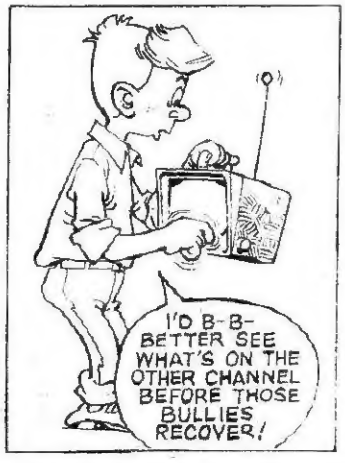
CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

The villainous Dr Doom has lured our Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. into his greenhouse where he keeps a collection of sinister plants. As the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. enters, a Gas Plant knocks him out, and Dr Doom makes off, leaving the agent to the mercy of the horrible plants. Our hero comes round to find that one exit is guarded by the Man-Eating Turnip Tree whose clutching roots are already groping towards him. Poison-fanged Toadstools are reaching out for him as well as a Carnivorous Creeper. But the side door is cut off by cacti with spikes like spears. Can you see how the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. could escape from the trap? You'll find all the clues in the picture and if you can see the answer on Page 10

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...



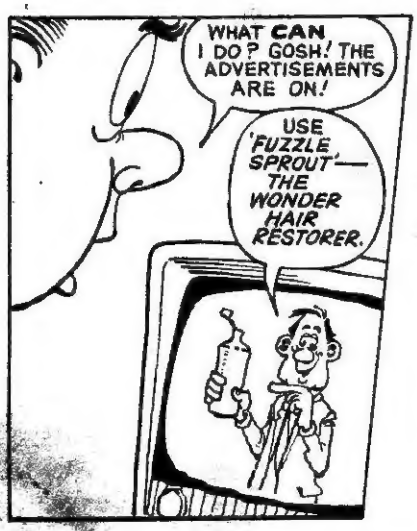


THIS SIDE OF BEEF WILL MAKE A TASTY SNACK, PEASANT! CHARGE IT TO KING ARTHUR!
OH, DEAR! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
EEK! THEY MUST BE FROM OUTER-SPACE, OR SOMETHING!
T-TAKE WHAT YOU WANT, KIND SIRS, B...BUT SPARE ME!
LATER...
YOU- YOU- YOU VANDALS! YOU CAN'T HOLD A FANCY-DRESS PARTY ON MY LOVELY GRASS!
PARK RULES KEEP OFF THE GRASS

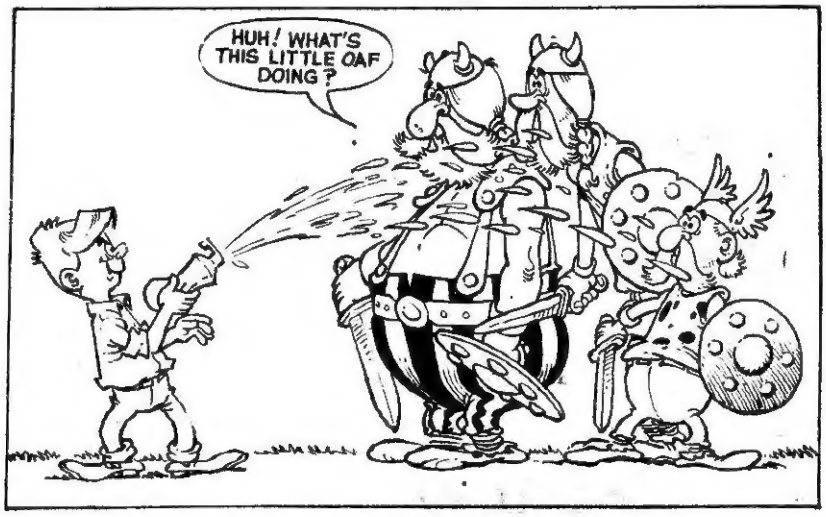
DONG!
QUIET, PEASANT! WE COME IN PEACE— AND WE WANT PEACE TO EAT!

GREAT FROTHING FIORDS! MORE PEASANTS — AND THEY WANT A FIGHT!

SILLY LITTLE CLUBS! HAR! HAR!
INDEED—THIS IS A STRANGE HUNTING HORN!
HELP! POLICE!


WHAT CAN I DO? GOSH! THE ADVERTISEMENTS ARE ON!
USE 'FUZZLE SPROUT'— THE WONDER HAIR RESTORER.

HEY! GIVE ME THAT!


HUH! WHAT'S THIS LITTLE OAF DOING?

HE HAS BEWITCHED OUR BEARDS! THEY ARE GROWING LONGER, YEA— AND LONGER!

COME ON, YOU'RE GOING BACK TO FINISH YOUR PROGRAMME ON TELLY!
OOH!
OUCH!
DON'T TUG! WE'LL COME!

PHEW! THAT'S THE LAST TIME I LET OUT THAT LOT! NOW I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE I 'COP' IT FROM THOSE BOBBIES! CHEERIO TILL NEXT WEEK!

AT THE MERCY OF THE TROJANS!

THE GHOST PATROL

Sergeant Joe Timm and his fighting patrol have been carried back to 1,000 B.C. by a time-machine. With them is a tank and a landing craft. After unsuccessfully using the tank against a Trojan Army on the Greek island of Lemnos, Joe and some of his men are captured. Meanwhile, on the landing craft, Private Paddy has touched the time-machine and the tank and Trojans have disappeared. Suddenly . . .

NEXT WEEK: AN ATTACK THREATENS TO DESTROY THE TIME MACHINE

—AND LEAVE SERGEANT JOE STRANDED IN THE PAST!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

—BANANA!
MY BANANA MISSILE FIRING IS UP TO SCRATCH —IT'S RIGHT ON COURSE!
LOOK WHERE THAT SQUASHY BANANA LANDED!
PHEW! I'D BETTER GET THESE ROTTEN EGGS TO THE RUBBISH DUMP!
ROTTEN SMELL
EGGS
ROTTEN
J. BLACK GROCER
SPLOP!
SKID!
CRACK! SQUELCH!
BONK!
MY HAT!
TWANG!
MY AIM WITH MY CATTY IS UP TO SCRATCH!
GOT IT! I'M UP TO SCRATCH WITH MY SPIKY YO-YO, TOO!
CRUNCH!
I GOT YOUR HAT BACK FOR YOU, SIR! HOW ABOUT A REWARD?
CERTAINLY, LITTLE GIRL! HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!
OOH, GOODY!
WONDER WHAT IT IS?
WHOOSH!
Lee Bavendale
IT'S AN ITCHING-POWDER TRICK BOX! I'M THE OWNER OF THE JOKE SHOP ROUND THE CORNER! THAT'S OUR LATEST TRICK!
SCRATCH!
SCRATCH!
ITCH!
SCRATCH!
SCRATCH!
ITCH!
STILL KEEPING UP TO SCRATCH, PENNY? SNIGGER!
ITCH!
SCRATCH!
ITCH!
SCRATCH!

MEET SOME MORE OF PERCY'S PETS IN THE NEXT SMASH!

DANGER MOUSE

SECRET AGENT

— AND ALL THE MICE IN THE TOWN FOLLOWED THE MUSIC OF THE PIED-PIPER — " COR!

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

IF SOME SILLY OL' PIED-PIPER CAN DO IT, SO CAN I! HEH-HEH!

— SEE? I'M A PIE-EYED PIPER! SNIGGER

COO! WHAT A SWINGING SOUND!

— AN' I'LL SOON BE EATING PIE — MICE PIE!

YEAH! LET'S GET WITH IT!

MEANWHILE, WHAT IS DANGER MOUSE DOING?

DON'T WORRY — I'VE GOT MY TELESCOPIC -EYE ON THAT TATTY OL' TOM —

— HE'S NOT GOIN' TO GET AWAY WITH A TRICK LIKE THAT!

MY HAT! A MOUSE!

THE SWINGING CAVERN CLUB

COOL FOR CATS

WAY IN

HEH! HEH!

THE SWINGING CAVERN CLUB

WAY OUT

SQUEAL!

HELP! SAVE US!

WE'RE TRAPPED!

SQUEAK!

MY DINNER, YOU MIGHT SAY, IS IN THE BAG! SNIGGER!

BUT DANGER MOUSE IS ABOUT TO 'SPRING' A SURPRISE!

WATCH THIS SPRING!

ZOOM!

UP SHE GOES —

BONK!

ZOOM!

BLAM!

'BANG' ON TARGET!

OWW!

OKAY, LADS — HOP IT WHILE THE PIE-EYED PIPER IS LAYING THERE PIE-EYED!

GOOD OL' DANGER MOUSE!

HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

MINCE PIE

HE'LL SOON CHANGE HIS TUNE NOW — 'COS I'VE CHANGED HIS WHISTLE!

WATCH, READERS...

I DON'T KNOW WHY I DROPPED OFF FOR A CAT-NAP, BUT I'LL SOON CATCH SOME MORE MICE —

OH, NO!!

GURRRR!

GROWRR!

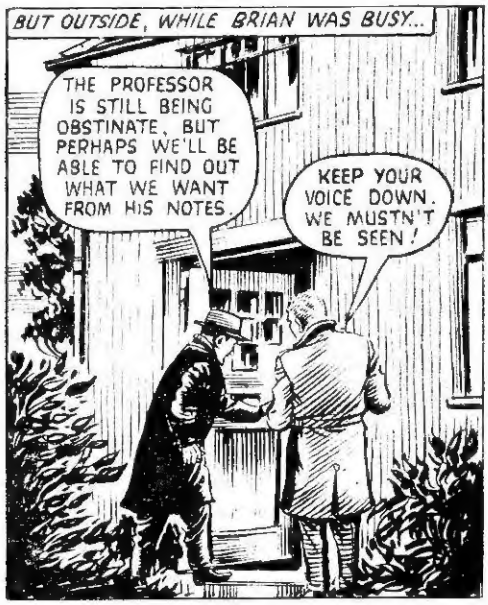
GURRUF!

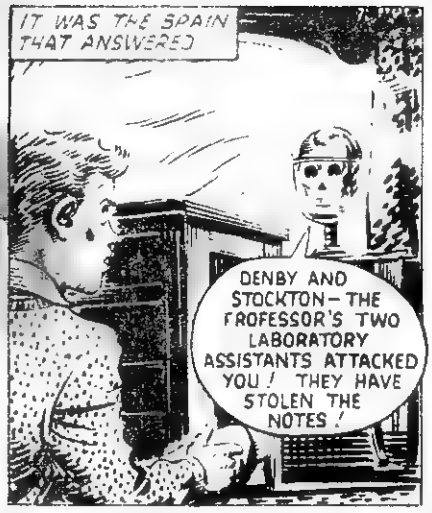
HELP!

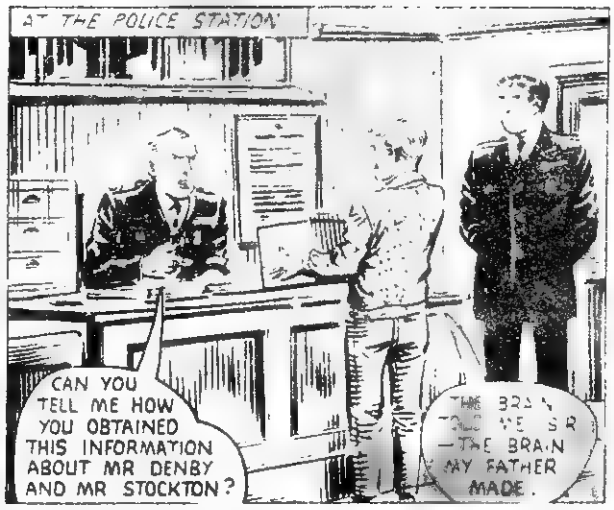
HEH-HEH! I SWAPPED HIS WHISTLE FOR A DOG WHISTLE!

BRIAN'S BRAIN

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED AFTER CREATING A 'SUPER' BRAIN. NOW HIS SON, BRIAN, MUST SAFEGUARD THE FANTASTIC, BUT DELICATE BRAIN...







DOES THE BRAIN'S FAILURE SPELL DISASTER? SEE NEXT WEEK!

SPACE Jinx

JINX PROVES ONCE AGAIN HIS UN-LUCK BY LANDING THE SPACECRAFT SAFELY— AMONG CANNIBALS!

EENIE, MEENIE, MINY, MO. INTO THE POT ONE MAN WILL GO!

VERY FUNNY! AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, JINX. WHEN THEY SAID YOU'RE THE UNLUCKIEST BOY IN THE WORLD, THEY WEREN'T KIDDING!

EENIE, MEENIE, MINY—MO!

INTO THE POT WITH HIM!

HEY, I'M NOT MO — I'M ME!

HEH-HEH! HE'S JINXED HIMSELF THIS TIME!

THREE CARROTS, FOUR TURNIPS, SALT, PEPPER... SLURP!

SOUNDS NICE AND TASTY! HEY! WHAT AM I SAYING? IT'S ME THAT'S IN THE SOUP!

ALL I HOPE IS, THAT JINX IS ENOUGH TO GO ROUND THE LOT!

I'LL JUST SEE WHAT IT TASTES LIKE.

LET ME OUT OF HERE! I'LL GIVE YOU HORRIBLE TUMMY-ACHE, HONEST!

THEY TASTE HORRIBLE! CHOP OFF ALL THEIR HEADS!

QUICK! JUMP IN THE POT, MEN — I'LL SAVE YOU!

WHAT'S YOUR POTTY IDEA, JINX?

TIP OVER THE POT, AN' HOLD TIGHT!

WE'RE GETTING AWAY!

I'LL TAKE BACK EVERYTHING I SAID ABOUT YOU, JINX!

GOOD OLD JINX!

WHAM!

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING WITH THAT JINX BEFORE HE CAUSES SOME REAL DAMAGE!

HO, HO, HO! JINX IS GOING INTO ORBIT!

NEVER MIND, I'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH ON THE END OF THE LINE!

IN YOU GO, JINX— THEN YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE WALK ALL IN THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE.

GOODBYE, JINX, AND THE BEST OF BRITISH LUCK!

THAT'S THE LAST OF JINX. NOW WE'LL MAYBE GET BACK TO EARTH IN ONE PIECE!

BUT SOMETIME LATER...

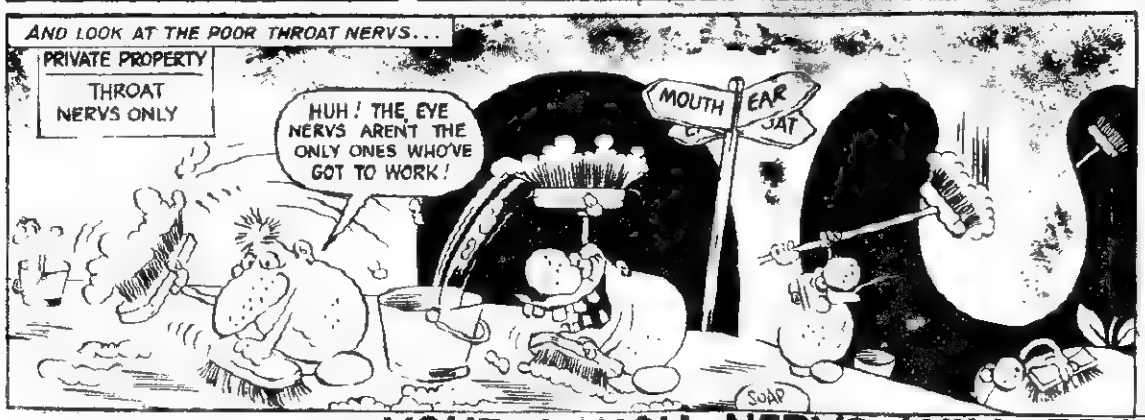
METEOR... APPROACHING, CAPTAIN!

I DON'T KNOW HOW ITS HAPPENED, BUT THAT'S NOT A METEORITE - IT'S THE JINX!

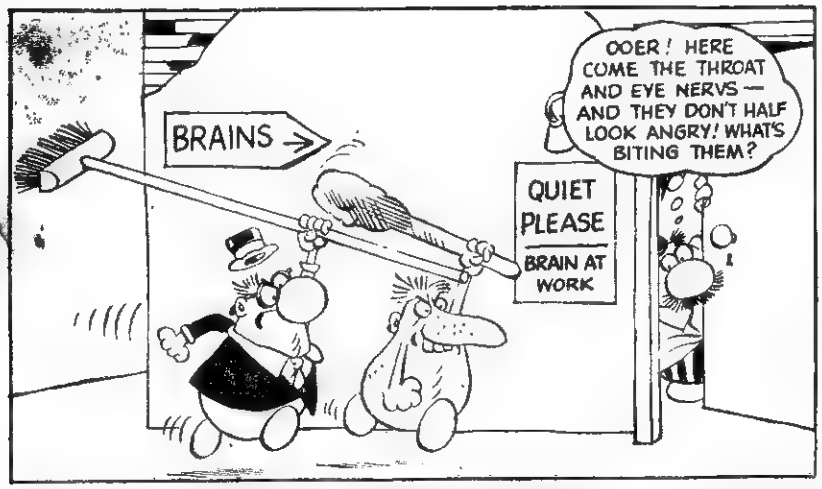
DO SOMETHING, CAPTAIN! HE'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US— WE'LL BE WRECKED IF HE HITS US IN THAT SUIT!

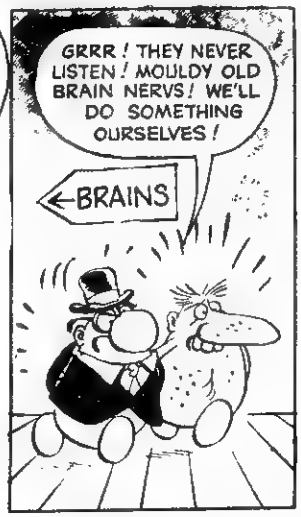
MORE GIGGLES ARE HEADING YOUR WAY— SEE NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

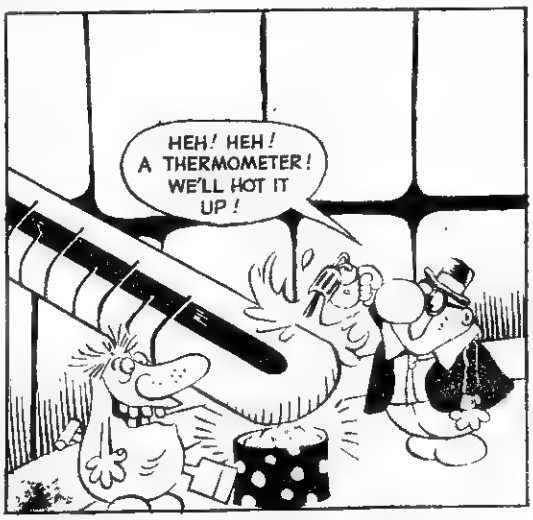
THE NERVS

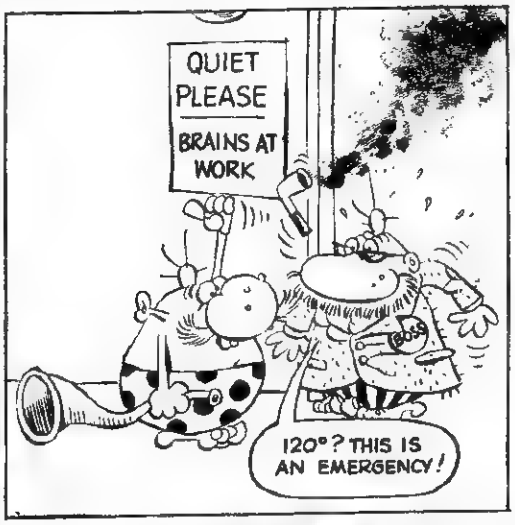


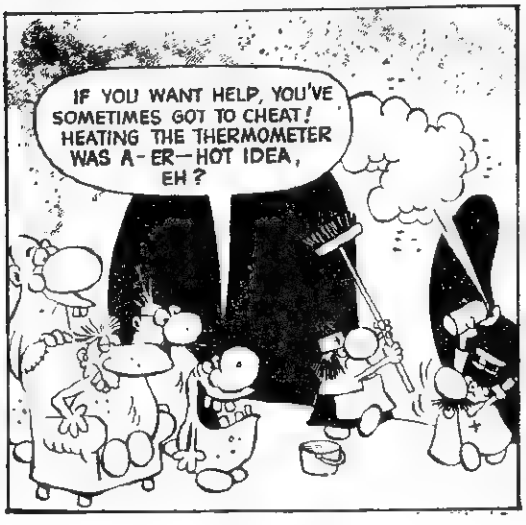
YOUR LAUGH NERVS WILL BE WORKING OVERTIME











WHEN YOU READ SMASH NEXT WEEK!

QUEEN OF THE

APPROXIMATELY ONCE A MONTH, ENOCH AND BERT MANAGE TO BERTH THEIR SHIP, THE S.S. 'BUOYANT QUEEN,' IN A SPOT WHERE THE OLD GIRL CAN'T POSSIBLY SINK...!

...SUCH AS THIS!

BLOOP!

HEY, FELLERS! OL' 'QUEENIE'S' BACK AGAIN ALREADY! GLUB!

THIS, READERS, IS WHERE WE LEFT HER LAST WEEK—AFTER SHE'D BLOWN OFF HER STERN WITH HER OWN BOILERS!

BUT, FOR ONCE, HER 'CREW' HAPPEN TO HAVE THE SALVAGE-FEE HANDY, AND BEFORE LONG...

'QUEENIE'! (SOB!) WELCOME HOME!

SOPPY TWIT! HE'LL HAVE HER DOWN AGAIN BEFORE THE WEEK'S OUT!

OI! BOSS'S ORDERS! FORK OUT THE MONEY NOW—OR WE DROP HER BACK!

GLUGGLE-GROAN!

BILGE SALV

AND SO—GROANING AND GURGLING—'QUEENIE' IS CARTED BACK TO SLUDGETON FOR REPAIR...

BLOYLK!

A-HEM! WHILE SHE'S UNDERGOING HER OPERATION, WE'LL FIND THE OLD GIRL A NICE, LIGHT JOB TO KEEP HER OCCUPIED! LET'S TRY THE EXPORT FIRMS!

AYE, AYE, CAP'N!

PAIR YARD

FIFTY EXPORT FIRMS LATER...

GET OUT—AND STAY OUT!

BAH! NO-ONE WANTS TO KNOW!

AIRY FOME FOAM-RUBBER CO LTD

LET'S GIVE UP, CAP'N—BEFORE WE NEED MORE REPAIRS THAN 'QUEENIE'!

BUT, AS THEY LIMP BACK TO THE 'MARINERS' HOME', IN WINKLE STREET...

HOLD IT! I'VE SUDDENLY HAD A BRAINSTORMER-WAVE!

DOH-H!

FISHMONGER

Genuine MANX KIPPERS CURED DAY OF LANDING!

WE'RE SETTING OFF FOR THE ISLE O' MAN AGAIN—AS KIPPER-CATCHERS!

—AS KIPPER-CATCHERS WHO, NOT ONLY CATCHES 'EM AT SEA, BUT CURES 'EM AT SEA, TOO!

DOH-H! SEEMS A FISHY IDEA TO ME! HEAVEN 'ELP US!

AND SO THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE FOREMAN AT THE SHIP-REPAIR YARD RECEIVES ENOCH'S IDEA. AND HERE IT IS...

GUTTED HERRINGS BEING CURED IN WOOD-SMOKE.

REVOLVING HERRING-SCOOP

ROTATING HERRING-CURER.

WOOD LOGS—FOR PRODUCING RIGHT QUALITY SMOKE.

GUTTING & SALTING DEPT., WITH HERRING BEING FED INTO IT, DOWN CHUTE. FROM HERRING-SCOOP

BARREL, ON TOW, PACKED WITH KIPPERS READY FOR SALE

HERRING SHOAL.

AND SO, A WEEK LATER, 'QUEENIE' SETS OFF IN HER NEW ROLE—BUT FIRST, SHE HAS TO FIND THE ISLE OF MAN...

HA-HA! NOW TO CAPTURE THE KIPPER-TRADE! ISLE OF MAN—HERE WE COME!

THREE MONTHS AFTER PASSING THE I.O.M. WHILE WATCHING TELLY...

YOU'VE LOST US AGAIN, YOU SKINNY, SCATTER-BRAINED TWIT!

LET'S SEE—WE WERE ALL RIGHT UNTIL I FORGOT TO TURN LEFT AT LAND'S END!

HEY, THERE! DREDGER AHOY!

EASY ROUTE TO THE I.O.M. Keep straight on to Bell-buoy, near Brighton. Carry on, until you see a lighthouse painted yellow. Here, turn right. Among lights, keep a good

THIS IS THE TUNA-FISHIN' LAUNCH OF LINCOLN D. DWIGHT—THE TEXAN OIL KING! OUR ENGINES STOPPED NEAR HAWAII—CAN YOU LEND US SOME FUEL, BUDDY?

YOU USE LOGS FOR FUEL, EH? WELL, HOW ABOUT A TOW?

WE CAN TOW YOU AS FAR AS THE ISLE O' MAN, OL' CHAP, IF THAT'S ANY USE!

THANKS, BUD!

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTE:—
YOU WILL HAVE GATHERED, SHIPMATES, THAT OUR TWO TWITS ARE 6,000 MILES OFF-COURSE—IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN!

SEAS

SO HERE THEY ARE—PLYING THE TROPICAL WATERS IN THEIR HULK OF A KIPPER-FISHER—WITH A DOOMED LAUNCH ON TOW...!

WHERE'S THIS DURNED ISLE-O'-MAN, D.D.?

AH AIN'T CERTAIN, SKIP, BUT AH RECKON IT'S JUST SOUTH O' HAWAII!

WHERE'S HA-WHY-EE, BERT?

IT'S THAT LITTLE FISHIN' VILLAGE NEAR FLEETWOOD, I THINK!

SIX WEEKS LATER...

PUT THIS THICK RUG OVER YUH LEGS, D.D.! IT'LL STOP YUH COLLAPSIN' FROM EXPOSURE!

HOW ABOUT TESTIN' THE KIPPER-CATCHER, CAPTAIN?

TURNATION! Y'KNOW AH CAN'T STAND WEIGHT ON M'RHEUMATICKY KNEES!

BUOYANT QUEEN

ERK! MY GOLDARN RHEUMATICKY KNEES ARE PLAYIN' ME UP! COVER 'EM UP, SKIPPER!

S-SURE, D.D.!

SPLAT!

CREAK!

GOOD IDEA, BERT! WE MIGHT STRIKE LUCKY! A-HEM—START KIPPER-CATCHER NUMBER ONE!

WHIR-R

JUST AT THIS MOMENT, 'QUEENIE' PLUNGES INTO A SEA-MIST—HER WHIRLING NETS SLINGING GALLONS OF SOUTH-PACIFIC ASTERN AT 900 NAUTICAL NOGGINS PER MINUTE!

HOLY SMOKE—A TROPICAL STORM!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, 'QUEENIE'S' KIPPER-CATCHER SCOOPS UP THOUSANDS OF TONS OF TUNA...!

QUEEN

TARNATION!! MAH NEW STETSON IS RUINED—AND WE AIN'T EVEN GOT ONE TUNA!

Ken Reid

BUT SUDDENLY—

AGH-H! IT'S RAINING TOONA!

SNAKES ALIVE!

CLATTER!

KRAK!

CRUNCH!

AFTER A TWENTY THOUSAND-TON TUNA TORNADO—D.D.'S FABULOUS LAUNCH DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD!

HELP! WE'VE BEEN 'TOONERED'!

'MAYDAY'! HELP! YOU GUYS UP FRONT! S.O.S.!

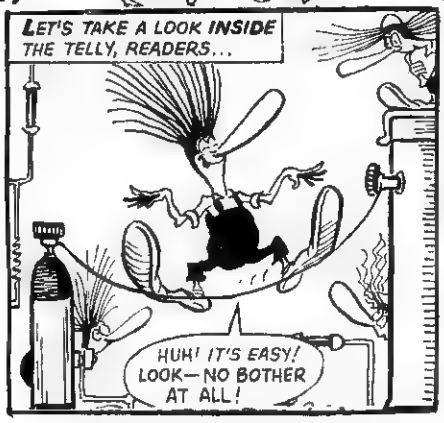
BUT THE 'GUYS-UP-FRONT' ARE OTHERWISE ENGAGED...

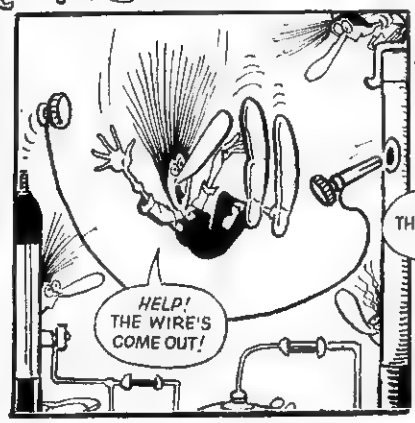
HA-HAR! SIX-FOOT MONSTER 'ERRINGS! KIPPERS FOUR FEET WIDE!! WE'LL BE RICH AN' FAMOUS! YIP-EE!

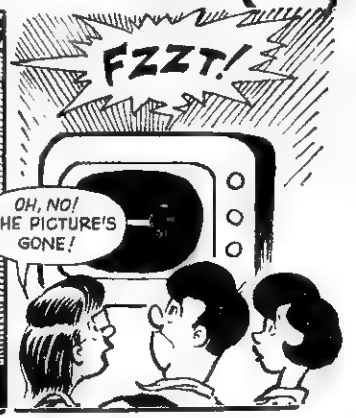
HEE-HEE! THAT LUCKY OL' GEYSER ON TOW MAY BE AN OIL KING—BUT I'LL BE RESPECTED THE WORLD OVAH—AS THE KIPPER KING!

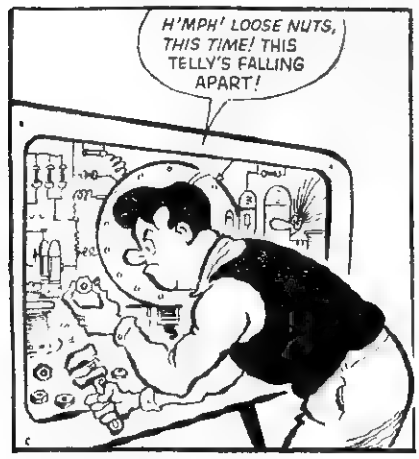
DON'T ASK US WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT WEEK—BUY 'SMASH' AND FIND OUT!

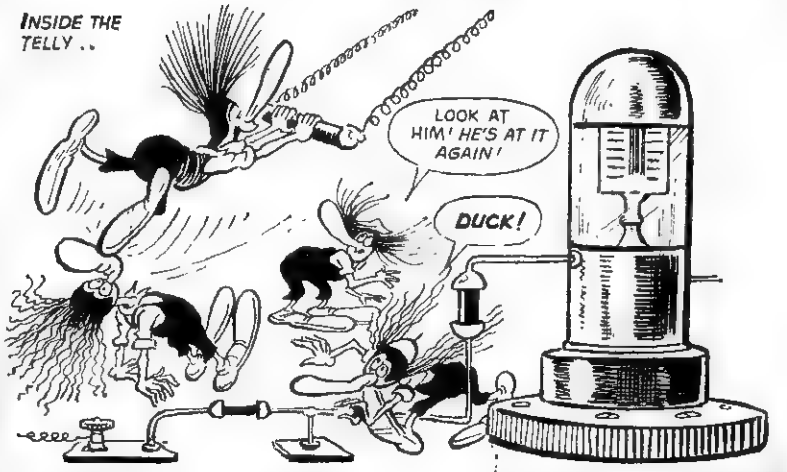
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ONE — BUT THEY LIVE IN EVERY TELLY...

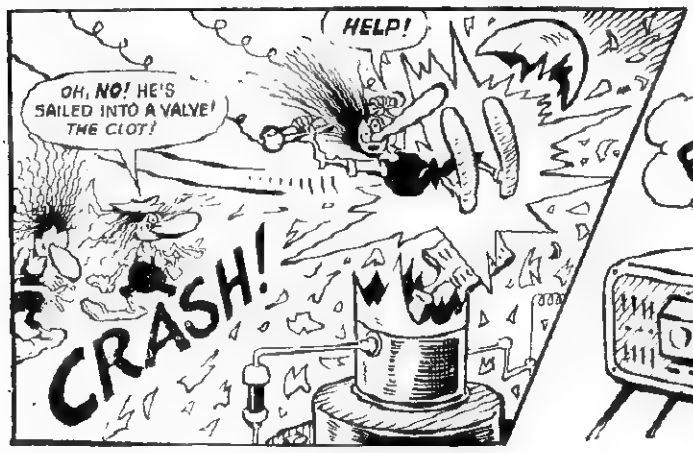


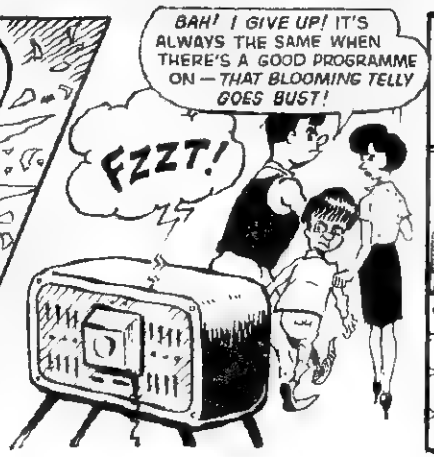


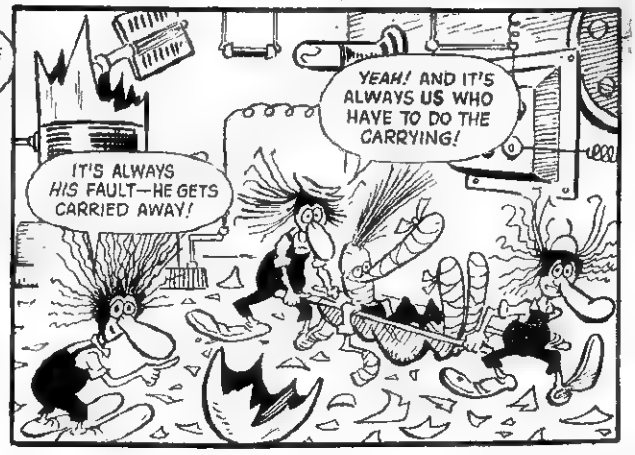








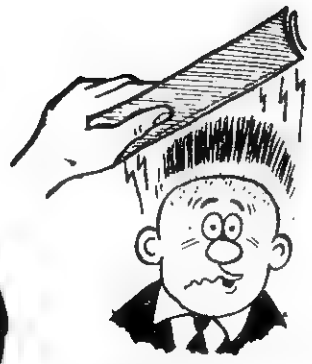




MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!



LIGHTNING LAUGHS!

Fold a piece of brown paper about 15" square into a strip about 3" wide. Pop it into the oven for a few minutes until it is thoroughly dry. Now, if you draw this quickly between your coat and your sleeve, you'll draw sparks from it to your knuckles.

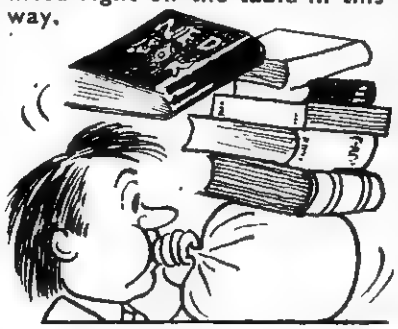
Hold it above someone's head - and his hair will shoot up on end.

BLOW IT!

Get a pile of heavy books, and announce that you are going to blow them off the table. Impossible? Not with the help of a strong paper or plastic bag!

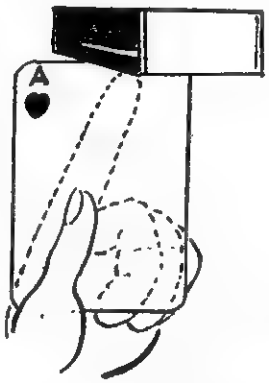
You simply heap the books on the bag, then blow it up like a balloon.

You'll be surprised at the amount of weight that can be lifted right off the table in this way.



THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

Swiftly, The Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. kicks a club-like arm off one of the cacti. He flattens the Carnivorous Creeper with the cactus club, then the Poison-fanged Toadstool. Now, he throws the club into the gaping mouth of the Man-Eating Turnip Tree. And, as the choking plant fights to blow it out, he swings like Tarzan on the knocked-out Carnivorous Creeper to burst through the glass pane in the door—and escape!



BALANCING BOX

Give someone a playing card and an empty matchbox. Ask them to balance the box on the edge of the playing card without bending the card. When he's failed, you will do it easily. But that's because when YOU hold the card, your index finger is raised behind it, for your fingertip to support the box. Don't worry, your pal won't see your finger, if you do it properly.

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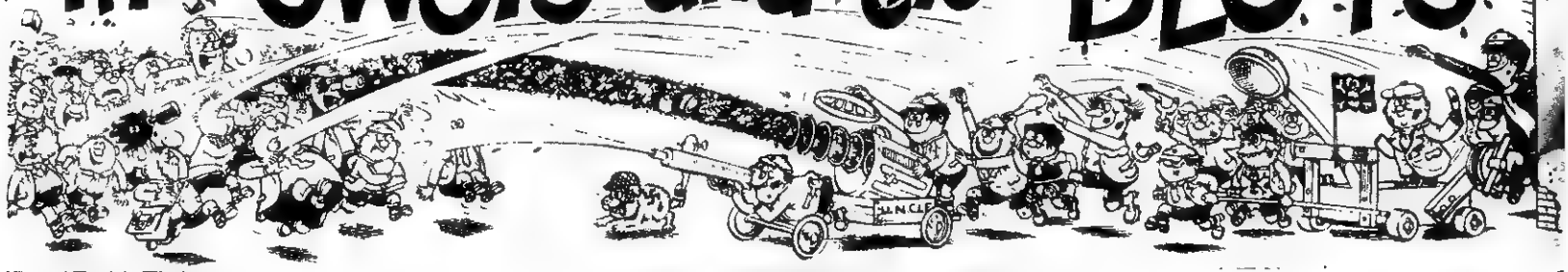
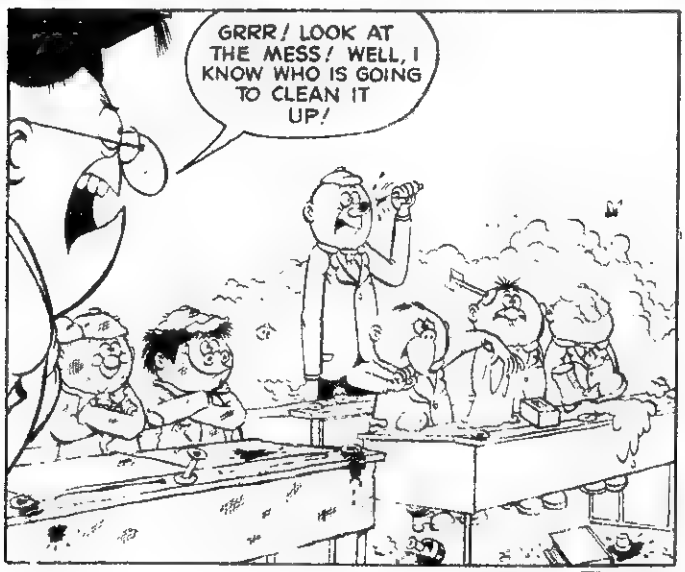
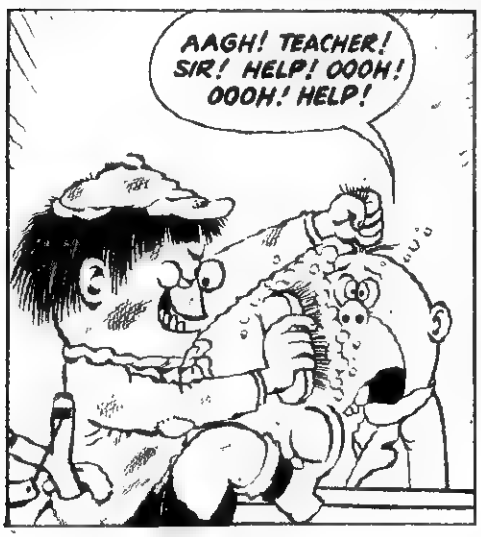
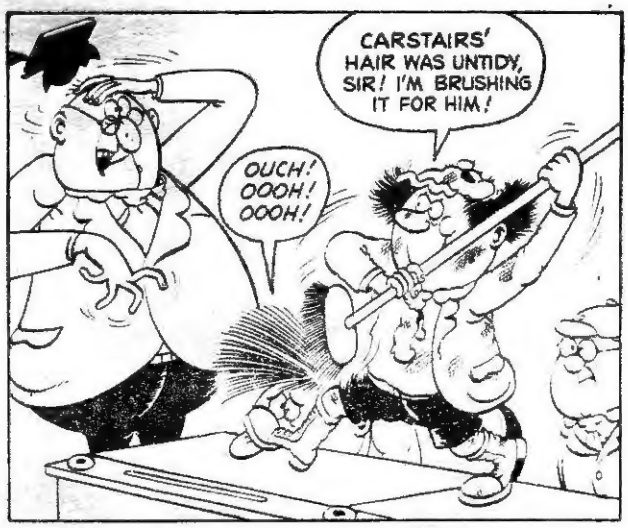
The SWOTS and the BLOTS







LOOK OUT FOR THE SWOTS AND THE BLOTS



NOW EVERYTHING IS NICE AND TIDY— WE'LL GET ON WITH SOME LESSONS. WELL, BLOGGS, WHAT IS TEN TIMES TEN?

NOTICE BOARD

CHESS CHAMP PERLEY

smelliest Boot (Fred's)

DOWN WITH SWOTS!

ROTTEN OLD TEACHER!

BAH!

LET ME OUT!

86, SIR!

CRUNCH!

— IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

RONNIE RICH

HEH! HEH! I'LL SOON BE BROKE! YOU CAN'T SPEND MONEY WHEN IT'S IN BITS!
AT LAST – NO MONEY LEFT! NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO INHERIT OL' GRAN'S FORTUNE! HEH-HEH!
RONNIE! WHAT ON EARTH! GET THIS MESS CLEARED UP AT ONCE!
BAH! WHY DO MUMS WANT EVERYTHING TO BE SO TIDY?
FINISHED!
SUCK!
WATCH IT, RON! THAT THING'S STILL SWITCHED ON!
SUCK!
HE JUST WON'T LISTEN, WILL HE?
EEK! MY BEST VASE!
OH, NO! I DIDN'T TOUCH IT – HONEST, MUM!
CRASH!
THAT WAS CARELESSNESS! YOU CAN JUST GIVE ME MONEY FOR A NEW ONE! IT'LL TEACH YOU TO BE MORE CAREFUL!
CAN'T, MUM! I'M BROKE! STONEY BROKE!
WELL, YOU CAN JUST GO AND GET A JOB TO EARN SOME MONEY!
Family Butcher
NOT TO WORRY! I'LL JUST EARN ENOUGH TO PAY FOR MUM'S VASE!
OH, BLOW! I'VE GOT A PUNCTURE!
HISSSS!

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